NUMB. CCCCLIV.

The SPECTATOR.

Sine me, Vacivom tempus ne quod duim mihi Laboris.
Ter. Heau.

Monday, Auguſt 11. 1712.

IT is an inexpreſſible Pleaſure to know a little of the World, and be of no Character or Signiſicancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new Objects with an endleſs Curioſity, is a Delight known only to thoſe who are turned for Speculation: Nay they who enjoy it, muſt value things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without drawing any worldly Advantage to themſelves from them, but juſt as they are what contribute to their Amuſement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay one Night laſt Week at *Richmond*; and being reſtleſs, not out of Diſſatisfaction, but a certain buſy Inclination one ſometimes has, I aroſe at Four in the Morning, and took Boat for *London*, with a Reſolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I muſt needs meet with ſhould tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repoſe more profound than I was at that Time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for an odd Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is ſaluting any Perſon whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they conſidered that the greateſt Pleaſure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable Perſon for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Viſit of Converſation at their own Houſes.

The Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter* by People as different from each other as thoſe who are born in different Centuries. Men of Six a Clock give Way to thoſe of Nine, they of Nine to the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve diſappear, and make Room for the faſhionable World, who have made Two a Clock the Noon of the Day.

When we firſt put off from Shore, we ſoon fell in with a Fleet of Gardiners bound for the ſeveral Market-Ports of *London*; and it was the moſt pleaſing Scene imaginable to ſee the Chearfulneſs with which thoſe induſtrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* it ſelf, loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landſkip. It was very eaſy to obſerve by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins who were Supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converſe with Morning Rakes, very unlike the ſeemly Sobriety of thoſe bound for *Stocks-Market*.

Nothing remarkable happen'd in our Voyage; but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elmes*, and taken in Melons, conſign'd by Mr. *Caſſe* of that Place, to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their Stall in *Covent-Garden*. We arriv'd at *Strand-Bridge* at Six of the Clock, and were unloading; when the Hackney-Coachmen of the foregoing Night took their Leave of each other at the *Dark-Houſe*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far ſpent. Chimney-Sweepers paſs'd by us as we made up to the Market, and ſome Raillery happen'd between one of the Fruit-Wenches and thoſe black Men, about the Devil and *Eve*, with Alluſion to their ſeveral Profeſſions. I could not believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden*; where I ſtrolled from one Fruit-Shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young Women around me, who were purchaſing Fruit for their reſpective Families. It was almoſt Eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a young Lady, who tripped into another juſt before me, attended by her Maid. I ſaw immediately ſhe was of the Family of the *Vainloves*. There are a Sett of theſe, who of all things affect the Play of *Blindman's-Buff*, and leading Men into Love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This Sort of Woman is uſually a janty Slattern; ſhe hangs on her Cloaths, plays her Head, varies her Poſture, and changes Place inceſſantly; and all with an Appearance of ſtriving at the ſame time to hide her ſelf, and yet give you to underſtand ſhe is in Humour to laugh at you. You muſt have often ſeen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to give Intelligence where they are driving. In an Inſtant my Coachman took the Wink to purſue, and the Lady's Driver gave the Hint that he was going through *Long-Acre* towards St. *James's*: While he whipp'd up *James-ſtreet*, we drove for *King-ſtreet*, to ſave the Paſs at St. *Martin's-Lane*. The Coachmen took Care to meet, juſtle, and threaten each other for Way, and be intangled at the End of *Newport-ſtreet* and *Long-Acre*. The Fright, you muſt believe, brought down the Lady's Coach Door, and obliged her, with her Maſk off, to enquire into the Buſtle, when ſhe ſees the Man ſhe would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach-Window is ſo bad ſhe cannot draw it up again, and ſhe drives on ſometimes wholly diſcovered, and ſometimes half eſcaped, according to the Accident of Carriages in her Way. One of theſe Ladies keeps her Seat in an Hackney-Coach as well as the beſt Rider does on a managed Horſe. The laced Shooe of her Left Foot, with a careleſs Geſture, juſt appearing on the oppoſite Cuſhion, held her both firm, and in a proper Attitude to receive the next Jolt.

As ſhe was an excellent Coach-Woman, many were the Glances at each other which we had for an Hour and an Half in all Parts of the Town by the Skill of our Drivers; till at laſt my Lady was conveniently loſt with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he ſhould hear where ſhe went. This Chace was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and diſcovered that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for

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that she was a Silk-Worm. I was surprized with this Phrase, but found it was a Cant among the Hackney Fraternity for their best Customers, Women who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods in Town without buying any thing. The Silk-Worms are, it seems, indulged by the Tradesmen; for tho' they never buy, they are ever talking of new Silks, Laces and Ribbands, and serve the Owners in getting them Customers, as their common Dunners do in making them pay.

The Day of People of Fashion began now to break, and Carts and Hacks were mingled with Equipages of Show and Vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of Cheapness; but my unhappy Curiosity is such, that I find it always my Interest to take Coach, for some odd Adventure among Beggars, Ballad-Singers, or the like, detains and throws me into Expence. It happen'd so immediately; for at the Corner of *Warwick-street*, as I was listning to a new Ballad, a ragged Rascal, a Beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the Eyes of the good Company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the Streets for want of Drink, except I immediately would have the Charity to give him Six-pence to go into the next Ale-house and save his Life. He urged, with a melancholy Face, that all his Family had died of Thirst. All the Mob have Humour, and two or three began to take the Jest; by which Mr. *Sturdy* carried his Point, and let me sneak off to a Coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing Reflection to see the World so prettily chequer'd since I left *Richmond*, and the Scene still filling with Children of a new Hour. This Satisfaction encreased as I moved towards the City; and gay Signs, well disposed Streets, magnificent publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorn'd with contented Faces, made the Joy still rising till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange* of *London*. As other Men in the Crowds about me were pleased with their Hopes and Bargains, I found my Account in observing them, in Attention to their several Interests. I, indeed, look'd upon my self as the richest Man that walk'd the *Exchange* that Day; for my Benevolence made me share the Gains of every Bargain that was made. It was not the least of the Satisfactions in my Survey, to go up Stairs, and pass the Shops of agreeable Females; to observe so many pretty Hands busy in the Foldings of Ribbands, and the utmost Eagerness of agreeable Faces in the Sale of Patches, Pins, and Wires, on each Side the Counters, was an Amusement, in which I should longer have indulged my self, had not the dear Creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only *To look at you*. I went to one of the Windows which opened to the Area below, where all the several Voices lost their Distinction, and rose up in a confused Humming; which created in me a Reflection that could not come into the Mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to my self, with a kind of Pun in Thought, *What Nonsense is all the Hurry of this World to those who are above it?* In these, or not much wiser Thoughts, I had like to have lost my Place at the Chop-House; where every Man, according to the natural Bashfulness or Sullenness of our Nation, eats in a publick Room a Mess of Broth, or Chop of Meat, in dumb Silence, as if they had no Pretence to speak to each other on the Foot of being Men, except they were of each other's Acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Robin's*, and saw People who had din'd with me at the Five-penny Ordinary just before, give Bills for the Value of large Estates; and could not but behold with great Pleasure, Property lodged in, and transferr'd in a Moment from such as would never be Masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every Day they live. But before Five in the Afternoon I left the City, came to my common Scene of *Covent-Garden*, and pass'd the Evening at *Will's* in attending the Discourses of several Sets of People, who reliev'd each other within my Hearing on the Subjects of Cards, Dice, Love, Learning and Politicks. The last Subject kept me till I heard the Streets in the Possession of the Bell man, who had now the World to himself, and cry'd, *Past Two of Clock*. This rous'd me from my Seat, and I went to my Lodging, led by a Light, whom I put into the Discourse of his private Oeconomy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loss of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Design to end my trivial Day with the Generosity of Six-pence, instead of a third Part of that Sum. When I came to my Chamber I writ down these Minutes; but was at a Loss what Instruction I should propose to my Reader from the Enumeration of so many insignificant Matters and Occurrences; and I thought it of great Use, if they could learn with me to keep their Minds open to Gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one Circumstance will make every Face you see give you the Satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a Friend; will make every Object a pleasing one; will make all the Good which arrives to any Man, an Encrease of Happiness to your self.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanly, will continue to be shewn for 6 Days every Evening at 5 a Clock. There is the greatest Curiosities in Water works, the like was never perform'd by any; and this present Night will be added a Garland of Wheat playing of Water in a curious Manner, and several other new things suitable to the Season; and Bacchus squeezing the purple Juice out of the Grapes. There is also the artificial Barrel, that entertains the Spectators with 7 Sorts of Liquors, both hot and cold. There will be shewn the Sea Gods and Goddesses, Nymphs, Mermaids, and Satires, playing of Water, and Fire mingling with the Water; and two flying Boys with a flaming Torch, playing of Water out of the burning Flame. It is at the lower End of Piccadilly near Hide-Park, and is known by the Wind mill on the Top of it. When this is left off shewing, his fam'd House at Lindsey in Essex will be open'd, and shewn in greater Perfection than ever; and both are shewn for the Benefit of his Widow, and in her Possession.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

On Thursday the 14th Instant, at Garraway's Coffee house in Exchange Alley in Cornhill, at 4 in the Afternoon, (only one Hhd in a Lot) viz. 100 Hhds of excellent new French Bourdeaux Clarets of Obrion, and other of the best Growths and Qualities, genuine and an entire Parcel, imported from Ireland, and just arrived by way of Bristol by Land-Carriage; now in a Vault near the Gate of Sir William Humphry's in Mincing-lane in Fenchurch-street. To be seen and tasted to Morrow and Wednesday the 12th and 13th from 7 to 2, and from 3 to 6, and all Thursday as above, till the time of Sale. To be sold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker, in Seething-lane in Tower-street.

An Infallible Cure for the Stone and Gravel, whether in the Reins or Bladder, by an incomparable Chymical Liquor, which in the most Racking Fits, gives instant ease, and Perfectly frees the Patient from all Pains in the Back, and those Pains so much like the Cholick; dilates the Ureters, makes them slippery that small Stones and Gravel may pass from the Reins to be voided visibly with Urine, without pain; cleanses the Kidneys, Bladder, and all the Urinary Passages from slimy calculous Matter, certainly takes off all Heat, Pain, and Stoppage of Urine, and absolutely breaks and dissolves all large Stones (possible to be dissolv'd) whether in Kidneys or Bladder, so as entirely to Cure the Distemper; assuredly prevents the Stone in those that are troubled only with Gravel, and for all Disorders of the Reins and Bladder, is a stupendious Remedy, causing delightful Ease, pleasant Rest and perfect Health. Is sold only at Jacob's Coffee-house against the Angel and Crown Tavern in Threadneedle-street behind the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.